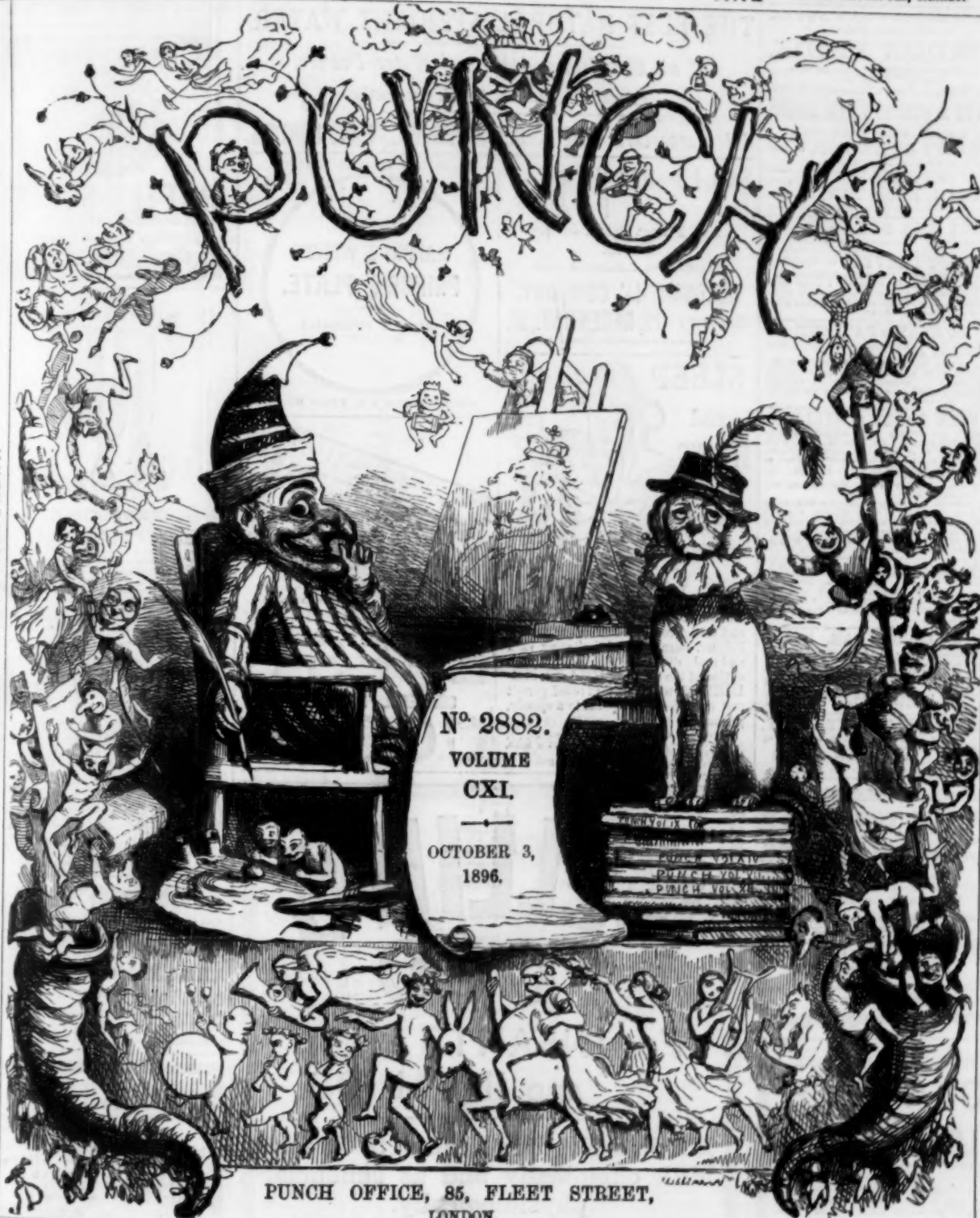


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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS FOR THE YOUNG.

(By a Past Master of the Ceremonies.)

So much has been written recently of the faulty deportment of our children that it may be well to formulate a few simple rules for the guidance of those of them who would wish to pass for boys and girls of elegance and *bon ton*. Accordingly, I jot down a suggestion or two for their consideration in this connection.

Invariably be courteous to visitors to your parents' house. If they bring hats and umbrellas, or parasols, immediately carry them away. That the articles may be in safe keeping entrust them to the care of the nearest pledge-taker, who will give you a card and some money as a guarantee of good faith, but, as they say in the newspapers, not necessarily for publication.

Booby traps are entirely out of fashion, so if you wish to



amuse your friends within your father's mansion, spread pebbles between their sheets and blankets, and cover their pillows with pepper.

Nothing is pleasanter to a humorist than a tribute of laughter. Remembering this when a young lady or gentleman, rather proud of her or his voice, attempts to sing a sentimental song, indulge in fits of uproarious merriment.

The old always value the attentions of the young. So when you see an octogenarian on the point of seating himself comfortably in an arm-chair, be careful to retreat the article of furniture in question a few inches, that the veteran may come unexpected to the ground. This will arouse the elderly gentleman, and induce him to address you with an earnestness entirely beyond his years.

As it is not now considered good form to ask for a tip, you had better take what you want from the rich when their attention is fixed on some object other than their purses.

Although it is distinctly rude to smash the hats left by visitors in the hall, there is no particular harm in filling the pockets of the overcoats of the same owners with candle ends, marmalade, and (when procurable) cold pea-soup.

Personal cleanliness is of the utmost importance in elegant society, so never neglect to wash your hands at least once a week, and brush your hair even more frequently.

It is extremely rude to interrupt a senior when he is telling an anecdote to an interested audience of his equals. So should you particularly wish to communicate with him without stopping the flow of his conversation, you should tap him smartly on the head with a soup ladle.

Finally, your first duty is to your father and mother. Bearing this in mind, should you obtain, through intimidation or some other equally effectual means, a sum of money from your friends, relatives and acquaintances, you should be sure to hand over an appropriate percentage of your earnings to your parents.

"The Sayings of Children."

Mamma. To-morrow will be daddy's birthday.

Christie (aged five, with a vague notion of Christmas Day). Then, I s'pose, all the shops will be closed, mummy, and we shall have to go to church, and make a collection for dad!

THE TERRORISM OF TOUTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I quite agree with the great NAPOLEON in his statement that we are a nation of shop-keepers, but I do wish that we could sometimes repress our commercial instincts. I am in business myself, and know what competition means, but I confess that when I take my holiday at the seaside I do not like to be made a sort of prize in a handicap of tradesmen. This year I have hired a villa at that delightful watering-place, Silversands, but I almost wish that I had never done so. Why? you will naturally inquire. Well, Sir, long before I left London with my family—I suppose I have to thank the local house-agent for this—I was bombarded with letters from the grocers, butchers, bakers, milkmen, wine merchants, and oilshop keepers of Silversands, imploring my esteemed custom. Some of them even sent samples of their wares with delicately-worded missives, begging me to accept these tokens of gratitude for favours to come. Two or three took the trouble and expense of travelling to London to interview me personally, and one of them being mistaken by my wife, while I was out, for a distant cousin of the same name, was actually bidden to dinner. Another was seen by my eldest girl making love to our cook in the area, and a third, I have since discovered, captured GREENSEAL, the butler, and treated him to a dinner at the Criterion, and a stall at the play afterwards. But all this skirmishing was nothing to the pitched battle which ensued on our leaving town to take up our new quarters. I dare say, Sir, you are aware that the thorough carriages from London to Silversands are shunted at Picklock Junction, some twenty miles distant from the coast. I had engaged a saloon carriage for ourselves, and of course our privacy was respected on the way down, but at Picklock two gentleman-like young fellows came to the door and politely asked, as the train was very full, if I would allow them to come in. Being no churl I at once said "Yes, by all means." They were ready conversationalists, and begun upon such topics as the South African War and the length of the Queen's reign.

Presently, however, they turned the current of talk on to the state of trade, a matter which of course interested me greatly. They warmed to the subject, and observed that even at Silversands the visitor had to beware of unscrupulous and designing persons, who would foist the most inferior goods on him at most exorbitant prices. "Knowing, therefore," said the elder of the two, "that you have taken Cockleshell Cottage for the season, we have ventured to bring you a list of tradesmen on whom you may implicitly rely." With that he handed me a paper as long as a lawyer's bill. "And who are you, gentlemen?" I inquired. "We are," replied the spokesman, "the president and secretary of the Silversands Protection Society, and we ask you not to forget to place yourself in our hands." The train was just stopping for tickets at Mudlook, so with the most courteous bows they disappeared, leaving us in a state of extreme surprise. But on arrival at Silversands Station we were still more astonished, being literally taken prisoners. Half a dozen stalwarts formed a ring round me, and, with stage chorus effect, forced price lists into my pockets; as many more got hold of my wife, and implored her patronage, my children were held at ransom, while my servants were beleaguered by a score or more of suppliants. The railway porters looked on and grinned. No doubt they were accustomed to similar scenes.

It was quite half an hour before we could tear ourselves from their clutches, and even then some of the nimble-footed knaves pursued our fays, keeping up a fire of circular ammunition. "Thank goodness!" I cried, fervently, as the vehicles stopped at the gate of Cockleshell Cottage. "We have escaped!" Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when two determined individuals jumped out from behind a laurestinus hedge, nearly frightening my wife into a fit, a third broke ambush from a rose clump, another was lurking behind the honey-suckle of the verandah, four blocked the front door, and six the back entrance, while two had managed, somehow or another, to get into the kitchen. All of them, like playgoings deadheads, clamoured for "orders." The confusion was dreadful, the din appalling, and the luggage could scarcely be brought into the house. I laagered my family in the dining-room, and, with the aid of GREENSEAL, the footman and the groom managed, after severe fighting, to clear the premises, but not before the hall and kitchen floors were littered "with paper enough," as the cook remarked, "to light the fires for weeks to come." For ten days the attacks were renewed, to no purpose. I get all my stores and provisions from London, and have even bought a cow. I am not a mean fellow, only a resentful citizen not popular in Silversands, but your obedient servant,

THOMAS THREADNEEDLE.



MOST EXASPERATING.

(After numerous misses, Mr. Buggles manages to knock a Bird over at VERY close quarters, which the Retriever finds and promptly eats.)

Buggles (furious). "WHAT IS THE USE OF MY SHOOTING GAME IF YOUR BEASTLY DOG EATS IT?"

Macdonald. "IT'S NAE THE DOGGIE'S FAULT, SIR. HE WAS JUST ASHAMED TO BRING THE PUIR MUTILATED BIRDIE. SO HE HAS MADE AWA' WI' IT!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor to his Fire.

My study fire is now alight—
The first time since the Spring—
It seems to make the scene more bright,
The kettle e'en must sing;
And gazing on this mass of coal
I feel old merriment of soul.

There in that cinder I can trace
The lines of him who drest
So scrupulously up to grace
That he forgot his vest,
And perished with a figure trim,
Mid winter frosts, that finished him.

And there again that ardent flame
Reminds me of the heart
That you declared was still the same
Until we had to part.
You wrote that you would "soon be
dead"—

But wedded someone else instead.

A lazy lump that will not burn
Is meant perchance for me,
A rolling stone, too prone to turn,
Neglecting £ s. d.
In vain I hammer it, irate,
It is not coal, but only slate.

Yet still I'm glad, e'en when I note
That coffin in the fire,
For Fate hath surely someone smote
Who dared to rouse my ire.
A wicked thought! Well, let him die!
The world is wicked, so am I.

I cannot understand the craze
Of those who Southward fly
Where pigmy palms their span-leaves
raise
Reproachful to the sky,
Forgetful that they're grown to show
That icy wind condones the snow.

Blaze on, good coals, within the grate,
Let harmony be seen!
You only can regenerate
The thoughts of what have been.



A knock! A bill for fuel! Jane,
Tell that good man to call again!

WHAT IS A (NEW) WOMAN LIKE?

(To the Old—but Anonymous—Air, "What
is a Woman Like!")

A NEW WOMAN is like to—but stay!
What New Woman is like, who can say?
There is no living with or without one!
She's just like a fly
To the ear, to the eye,
Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one!
Untender, unkind,
She is like, to my mind,
(Woman was not so once, I remember,)
She's like to—O dear!
She's as bad, far or near,
As a pea-soupy fog in November!
If she chaff, and she chat,
Write, bike, and all that,
And with "bags" and male manners she
meet me,
She's like a queer dish,
Neither flesh, fowl, nor fish,

That cries—like Cockaigne pigs—come eat
me!

But she'll shock you, and vex you,
Disgust and perplex you.
Immodestly ranging,
Continually changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a man? Like a shock?
On a wheel, with a frock
Only fit for a shrew on a "bike."
Her head's like the islands bards tell on,
Which flowers, fruits, and feathers all
dwell on

Her heart's like a hard lemon-ice,
As cold and as acid—so nice!
In truth she's to me
Like an east wind at sea,
That's good and that's pleasant to no
man;

Like a chill, like a pill,
Like a snail for the male,
Missing link (in a kink)
Betwixt a fast girl and a slow man!
Like a bower void of flower,
Content without scent
Like a shriek on a bike,
Like a fly in one's eye,
A boy without joy,
A girl out of curl,
A chap with no sap,
A man out of plan,
A tree without leaf,
Bud, or blossom—in brief,
She's like most things on earth—but a
woman!

SPORTING MEM.—Quarrel is now first
favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Let
us hope, however, that there will be no
difference over the settlement.

THE HEIGHT OF POSSIBILITY.—Mr.
GLADSTONE receiving the SULTAN at Ha-
warden.



A RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Cogie. "AY, THAT'S THE NEW DOCTOR, MEM; AN' I'M SURE IT WAD BE AN AWFU' KINDNESS IF YE GIED HIM A BIT TRIAL. HE HAD A HEAP O' PATIENTS WHEN HE CAM' FIRST, BUT NOO THEY'RE A' DEID."

A POETIC SOLILOQUY.

On reading the morning paper, September 23.

I.

Yes, on this Day of Days
My wayward vision strays,
As usual, down the columns of the *T-m-s*,
And with the other eye
The *D-ly N-ws* I spy—
Its leader page, I see, is bare of rhymes.
All's right—I needn't chafe,
My reputation's safe,
No other bard has weighed in with a
verse;
The Laureate is mum,
And even K-PL-NG's dumb,
And M-rr-s ditto—well, it might be
worse!

II.

I speedily peruse
The page of foreign news,
And skim the agony column in a trice;
The hatches and the matches,
Likewise the day's despatches
I glance at—all seems very neat and nice!
I read about the CZAR,
And think of many a par
I penned about his crowning-show in
June;
Then, coming nearer home,
I wonder where that pome
Of mine is, for this day so opportune.

III.

Hullo, what's this I see?
Great goodness, can it be?
Here, what in thunder do the people
mean?
Is this my loyal ode
Among the "ads" bestowed,
An insult both to me and to the QUEEN?
They've gone and printed small
My purple patches all,
About Himāla, Kishna, ghaut and shroff;
With carpets and bovril
They've ranked my Muse's skill—
To-day's for me a Day of D's enough!

THE BATTLE OF THE BACTERIA.

(Subject for a Modern Epic, suggested by President Sir Joseph Lister's Address at the British Association.)

LIST, list, oh, list!—to good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER!

Science is sure Humanity's kindest sister,
A sister like a good nurse, patient, placid,
But inexhaustible. Carbolic acid
As subject for the Muse, seems scarce
poetic;
But the great surgeon, sage and sym-
pathetic,
Makes antiseptics' history most romantic.
The microscopic microbe's lethal antic,
The friendly phagocyte's protective fight,
In our poor body's battlefield, out of sight,

Save of Sir JOSEPH and his brethren sage,
Who watch the mimic warfare which they
wage,
Might give a modern HOMER a great
theme,
Of which the blind old singer did not
dream.
"Microbes and Man I sing!" VIRGIL to-
day
Might warble—save that epics do not pay.
Later LUCRETIVUS, without apology,
Might find fit subject in Bacteriology.
But heroes new do not come off in that
form,
Their epics are recited on the platform.
HOMER—some say—sang of the frogs and
mice,
LISTER finds theme scarce smaller or less
nice
In Microbes versus Phagocytes! Sounds
skittish?
Well, the association surnamed British
Is not a larkish thing, but high and
solemn,
Whose high "proceedings" fill the great
Times' column,
Where, if you want an intellectual twister,
Read the Address of good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER,
Whose "septic" nous has banished an-
cient errors,
And robbed the surgeon's steel of half its
terrors.

POETRY FOR POLITICAL CHILDREN.

(A droll of bit Doggerel brought up to Date.)

THERE WAS a clever earl, who had a twirly curl,
Which hung down the middle of his forehead,
And some thought his policy was very, very good,
And some thought his policy was horrid.

He "stood on his head" on the hustings, he once said,
And nobody his high career could hinder;
Though some squealed and some squalled, and some yelled and
some bawled,
And shied their little stones agin his winder.

But alas! (as BALFOUR said,) that clever earl is dead,
And his foes have been—comparatively—silent.
But now they're popping up, every tyke, and cur, and pup,
And a-pitching into him extremely vilent.

And Punch, who of old made considerably bold
To criticise that earl, whilst he was living,
Thinks it very far from right to keep up mere sputtery spite,
When the time has come for praising and forgiving.

He's weary of the noise of those "little vulgar boys,"
Each brain like an empty attic,
Who against Earl BRAKY blare, and he'll catch them unaware,
And spank them—most emphatic!

RESTORATION OF KING CYMBELINE.

HEARTILY, nay uproariously, were welcomed Miss ELLEN TERRY and Sir HENRY IRVING (announced in the bills as "HENRY IRVING" tout simple without "Mr." or "Sir") when, as *Imogen* and *Iachimo* respectively, they walked on to the Lyceum stage, September 22, memorable for the first representation at this theatre of a certain Shakspearian play called *Cymbeline*. "*Cymbeline* condensed," of course, was the mixture presented most suited to the public taste, as "*Cymbeline* entire" would have been too much for the friendliest audience. The talkative lords and gentlemen of the old play were cut out or cut down, and for those characters who survived the operation, it sufficed that they "looked the parts" to admiration. Miss ELLEN TERRY was simply charming as *Imogen*; perfectly natural, which is the same as saying "genuinely artistic." So thoroughly did she identify herself with the modest, virtuous,



G33B Interior of the Chest, as seen by the aid of the Röntgen Rays.

Awkward position of Sir H-nry Irv-ng when, as *Iachimo*, the lid is closed and he is suffering from pains in the chest.

retiring-to-bed-early *Imogen*, that, when roused from her sleep by the plaudits of the audience, after the Bed-room Scene, when from her arm wicked *Iachimo* has stolen her bracelet, Miss ELLEN shyly refused to face the house, but hid her face with her hands as, in her snow-white *robe de nuit*, she stood by the friendly bedpost as if shrinking from the boldly-expressed admiration of a thousand *Iachimos* in the stalls, boxes, and gallery. Her every action was in itself quite in keeping with the romantic ideal of the poetic dramatist. And HENRY IRVING, as *Iachimo*, or *Jackimo*, the cool, wicked, cynical

blasé man of the classic world, how excellent! Not as a mere vain *beau séducteur*, not as a gay *Don Juan*, but as one who "knows the ropes," and who believes in nothing and in nobody—except himself.

Crowded was the house, only one box vacant, and into that,



Jackimo in the Boximo.

Physical Exercise. *Iachimo* opens his chest and strikes an attitude.

on the stage, HENRY IRVING went. It was his own private box, kept by Mr. LOVEDAY and Mr. BRAM STOKER solely and only for Sir HENRY's use: and made to hold one, not more, and that not quite comfortably.

What did *Jacki* do with his legs? If he doubled himself up, then out of that box should have come two *Iachimos*, or *Iachimi*! If ever actor "doubled a part" that actor was HENRY IRVING, as *Jackimo*, when he "doubled himself" (so he did in the *Corsican Brothers* and the *Courier of Lyons*) up, and lay concealed in his own chest!! Marvellous legs! Wonderful feat!

Then his fight with brave *Frank Posthumus Cooper*, who floored but spared him! Again, what more wonderful than the apparently sudden conversion of *Iachimo*, when he confesses everything, makes amends, and is so profoundly contrite as to excite our pity, and awaken in all the hope that he will for the remainder of his life be a good boy, never indulge in betting, and, it may be, marry and live happy, but henpecked, ever afterwards.

Mr. FRED ROBINSON as hearty, rough-and-ready *Belarius*, a "banished lord," calling himself "*Morgan*" (which he was perfectly at liberty to do), and his two "supposed" sons, Mr. B. WEBSTER and Mr. GORDON CRAIG, who were not wise enough to know their own father, were, all three, immediately on the best terms with the audience, who recognised *Bill Arius* as an old friend and stager in spite of all his disguise. There is a grand stage-fight, so realistic that had it not been for the chiefs, *Belarius & Co.* appearing triumphantly at the back, in a well-arranged *tableau*, it would have been difficult for an un-military audience to decide which party was victorious.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, as the wicked Lady *Macbethlike* queen, and Mr. NORMAN FORBES, as her brainless, conceited, quarrelsome son *Cloten*, were both uncommonly good in two not uncommonly good parts.

The play is in five acts, set to appropriate music by Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE, while the scenery, by Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and HARKER, shows some such perfectly perspectived interiors as the artists themselves will find it difficult to excel. In the bill it is announced by the manager, rather "dropping into rhyme" for the occasion, that

"Mister L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.,
Has kindly acted as adviser
In production of the play."

In this instance "R.A." stands for "Roman Adviser," Mr.

ALMA-TADEMA being an unimpeachable authority in the matter of classic costumes. Everybody was pleased with his work, though we doubt whether ancient Britons were quite such gorgeous swells, in silks, satins, and gold, as are the Cymbelinians; but, if ALMA-TADEMA is pleased, then Box and Cox are



Miss Imogen Terry (seeing Bill 'Arry Oos). Is it Mr. Fred Robinson Crusoe?
O Mr. Robinson Crusoe,
Why do you look at my trows so?

My name is Norval—no, I mean Fidele.

British Bill 'Arry Oos Robinson Crusoe (heartily). Fidele-de-dee! Avast, my hearty! Cave canem! There's the Cave (L.N.), and there's the Canem. (Pointing to hound just off L.N.) And now no more words. I believe you, my boy!

satisfied. It is no doubt due to the eminent Royal Academician's accuracy that the deer-hounds of the first century, in which the play is cast, when brought on by Guiderius, are carefully muzzled in order to comply with the police regulations of the present year of grace. The forethought was admirable. How awkward if, in Scene I, Act IV., a constable, say A.I. from Bow Street, close at hand, should have stepped on the stage and taken both dogs into custody! Next day we should have read how Belarius & Co. had been let off with a small fine in consequence of its being their first offence. However, the muzzles were there, and the *contretemps* avoided.

Cymbeline must be in for a run of good luck, thoroughly deserved by Sir HENRY, and by all concerned with him, in this his latest Shakspearian revival.

"HAVE I DONE WELL?"

[The Morning states that the QUEEN, on being reminded that she had reigned longer than any of her predecessors, asked "Have I done well?"]

"HAVE I done well?" Most gracious Queen,

Look on the record of your life;

Think of What is, What might have been.

Empress of Peace, mid constant strife!

"Have I done well?" O! peerless She,

Why query thus your endless fame?

When other beacons may not be

There still will burn your deathless name!

At a Progressive Meeting.

First Old Woman. It's marvellous to me, ladies, how BURKE, with all his up-to-date ideas, could have devoted so much time to the compilation of the peerage.

Second Old Woman. Yes! but he never got at the proper ages of the ladies!

[Enthusiastic cheers.]

BRIGHTON.

A Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—At the fine of my little voyage in England I arrest myself here. One has often spoken me of Brighton, the english Nice, the town of sunshine. Therefore, in quitting the Island of Wight, I make a little *détour*, and I visit Brighton in road from Portsmouth to London. After to have voyaged in a train astonishingly slow, I arrive to Brighton the evening, I go direct to the hotel, I dine about the nine of clock, I smoke a cigar, and I couch myself. My bedroom gives on the garden, and is very tranquil.

The morning I get myself up of good hour, and I go out to respire the air from the sea. It seems to me that he makes some wind, which I had not remarked in my room so well sheltered, and I see the paving is wetted. I open my umbrella, and I descend from the *perron*. Oh, la, la! At that instant there I encounter a wind, a tempest—ah but, a veritable cyclone!—my hat flies himself away, my mackintosh cape of Inverness raises herself all around of my head, I am thrown against the balustrade of the hotel, and I see not where I am. I hold strongly my umbrella, for an instant he struggles violently, and then the frame and the silk leap into the air, *emportes*—how say you?—by the wind, and I hold but the stick. As soon as possible I re-enter, and then I find all that so amusing that I laugh—*nom d'une pipe, je me pâme de rire!*—and the spectators laugh also, and we are all very gay. Better worth to laugh than to weep. But all of same I lose a good umbrella. As to the hat, a brave coacher, of what you call a "fly," entraps him—*attraper*, how say you? But he is so much hurt that he resembles to the old hat of the coacher himself, and I give him to this last, with a piece of six pennys in addition.

This arrives a certain saturday. Figure to yourself, Mister Punch, that he rains without cease all the day and all the night, and still all the sunday until the evening! And not only some rain, but some wind—a tempest, a hurricane, a cyclone! After my little promenade of the morning, when I lose my umbrella, I go not out the saturday. From the windows of the coffee-room and of the tea-room I regard the sea, extremely agitated, the horizon veiled by sombre and heavy clouds, the sky entirely grey. I see also the promenade, deserted, of grey asphalte, wet and shining, and the *jettée*, the "Questpir," also deserted. She is not so ugly as the *jettée* of Nice, but she is enough ugly all of same.

Eh well, the sunday he falls still of the rain! *C'est assom-mant!* And one has said me that the sunday is less sad at Brighton than in the other parts of your country. *Triste!* Ah, mon Dieu! In fine, after the lunch, I am resolved to see the town. I go to see the *boulevards*, the gardens, the palace of the King GEORGE, and I make to come a "fly." *Ciel, quelle voiture!* She is entirely closed, like a carriage of a *convoi funèbre*, a funeral convoy, and one sees nothing if one has not the head *penchée*—how say you?—by the door. The coacher conducts me all the long of the deserted promenade, where the wind is terrible, and then we see the palace. Oh, la, la! *Un palais de carton! Un décor d'opéra-bouffe!* A decoration of buffoon opera. The sole thing amusing in all the town so sad! After this we traverse some miserable little streets, of houses so ugly and so *mesquines*—how say you?—that I arrest the coacher and I say him, "Go to the *boulevards*, the grand and large streets." He responds there is not of them. *Il n'y en a pas!* What says he after? "In Hove." *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?* Ah, une autre ville! And we traverse again more of miserable streets—my faith, so ugly!—until I arrest him of new and demand, "Where, then, is this Hove?" "Here, maounsiyah," says he. "But," I respond, "how that? It is here Brighton." "No, maounsiyah," says he, "thissirs Hove, thatthairs Brighton, all one town." Then he continues, and *subitement* we arrive to some streets so enormously wide that in this rain one sees hardly from one side to the other. Some ones are almost as wide as long. And they are all absolutely deserted, and the grass begins to grow at the side.

A la bonne heure! C'est asses! I return in the "fly" to the hotel by a tempest of wind and of rain, passing the "Questpir," where I read the affix, "Band now playing," but I go there not. *Que faire! Nous verrons.* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

LOYAL AND TRUE.—"A propos of the recent downpours," quoth Mr. JOHN BULL, "the only continuous rain of which I heartily approve is the beneficent reign of good Queen VICTORIA." Hear! hear! from everywhere.



FOR LADIES ONLY.

"RESERVED CARRIAGES." (See "Day by Day" in "Daily News.")

"If you travel in one, you run greater risks than in travelling in the ordinary carriages. I have known railway officials allow men to jump into them at the last moment before the train starts, with a mutual wink at each other and a very objectionable grin."

THE CZAR IN SCOTLAND.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE Great Magnate, who is at present attracting universal attention, declares that the weather, the police, and the soldiers have impressed him with the belief that he has never left Russia. Could any greater compliment have been paid to our social and atmospheric system? Strolling around Balmoral this morning I picked up several Victorian orders, which had been evidently dropped by some of the CZAR's attendants. Unfortunately, they do not admit to the Castle buttry, where, I understand, brose and verse go mouth with mouth. I honestly confess that Mr. CHARLES FRASER, Her Majesty's Chief Constable, is too much for me. I endeavoured to obtain access to the domain by disguising myself as a bundle of dirty linen, but Mr. FRASER remarked that such effects were never washed off the premises, and sent my cart back to Ballater. Again I tried to get within the sacred precincts by adopting the garb of a Cossack. FRASER "spotted" me in a moment, and I regret that his shoemaker puts pointed tips to his boots. As a final resource I garbed myself in a kilt, but again FRASER was too many for me, for on my neglecting to answer his query, made in an unknown tongue (presumably Gaelic), he declared me to be an imposter; and once more I took up the

position of a Peri. Nevertheless, I like FRASER. He wears the best frock coats that I have ever seen; he is not rough in his treatment of the uninvited, and, from what I hear, he can throw a fly as well as the late JOHN BRIGHT. Certainly, I like FRASER, and I beg to thank him in your columns for the privilege, which he has not only given to me but to other "special correspondents," of writing about the CZAR, the CZARITZA, and the Grand Duchess OLGA in the seclusion of an inn, solaced by the spirit of the country, and absolutely debarred from giving any descriptive account of these Imperial personages from personal observation. Mean time, you are paying my expenses, for which I am as thankful as is a Highlander when he sees the fag-end of the harvest moon.

SAM WELLER AND THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"HAVE you a pair of eyes?" said Sergeant BUZZFUT. "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied SAM, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs, and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my vision's limited." [Trial scene in Pickwick.]

THE REAL "TRIPLE ALLIANCE."—A three-figure innings at cricket.

THE QUEEN!

SIXTY years ago, your Majesty, sixty years ago!
And the years slip by so swiftly, though the tide of advance seems slow.
We have gathered some fruit of the hours, some golden and glorious fruit,
But the things to be done e'en yet are mighty, and many, beyond compute.

Sixty years ago, great Queen! 'Tis a glorious stretch of time!
In the sweep of the mighty orb of State there is something at least sublime.
The years have fled, and the men are dead who have made your record great;
But something remains to be garnered yet, though the harvesting seem late.

The century runs to its fated end; and how shall its record close?
In the blood-red sunset of battle fierce, or the crimson flush of the rose,
Herald of hope and love and joy, with the lily of peace close-knit?
How much hangs now upon royal wisdom, how much upon statesman wit!

Let the dead past bury its dead! The whirligig of time
Brings its revenges—which to snatch at a cruel cost were crime.
The cynic sneer, and the blatant boast of the jubilant Jingo day
Are silent now, for the feast is o'er, and reckoning's yet to pay.

Peace with honour! A splendid phrase! May its echoes never cease!
But if the honour be left aside, how long is the reign of peace?
A purple patch on a garment worn is triumph at cost of right,
It glows awhile in the firework glare, and then falls to rags in the light.

Lady, who like Ulysses, that "gray spirit," of heart so grand,
Canst now look back o'er a long, long track of the tale of a great old land.
"Till old experience doth attain," as our mighty MILTON said,
"To something of prophetic strain" in a brain by memories fed.

Lady, our true, brave Queen of Hearts, whose reign outrecords now
Our strongest kings, and our noblest Queens; the sturdiest Briton's brow
In reverence bends and in honest love and patriot pride to-day
O'er the woman's hand that a sceptre grand hath known so well to sway.

Sixty years ago, your Majesty! Every year well filled
With strenuous duty which won respect and a simple love which thrilled
The simplest heart in all your realm with the wisest, bravest, best.
God save the Queen, and give her and her England true honour and lasting rest!

At Whist.

Old Gentleman (at close of game). Why did you trump my best card, Miss X?
Miss X. (who has seen her mistake). Because I thought you wanted me to lead up to you.

[O. G. pacified immediately.]

INTERESTING TO MATCHMAKING MAMMAS.
—Cub hunting has recommenced.



“BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.”

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. “ADIEU! DEAR KINSMAN! IF WE BUT ACT TOGETHER, ALL WILL BE WELL.”

[“It has been officially announced that the visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen at Balmoral will terminate Saturday, October 3.”]



CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Since my escapade at Doncaster I have been living what (were I a man) I should call the life of a hermit at Scarborough. My cave, it is true, is situated in the Royal Hotel, and possibly my pursuits are not those in which an anchorite would indulge. Nevertheless, I feel that I have taken the veil for (don't publish this in the local papers)



Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOL, like some dero-
lict on the Sea of Time, has been recovered
by his wife! It happened in this way.
ARTHUR (forgive the all-too-happy fami-
liarity of nomenclature) and I were sitting
on the Spa promenade, listening to that
delicious band, which my dear friend
says always reminds him of MEYER LUTZ
and *Little Doctor Faust*, and the beach
was moaning in sympathetic concord (just
like a dog) with the music. In three words,
we were happy, and murmured soft noth-
ings, except when a beast of a man threw
the end of his cigar on my dress (then Lord
ARTHUR got up and talked of bloodshed);
but this incident was as nothing to what
followed. He had, under the influence, I
suppose, of a twentieth cigarette and a
fifth B. and S. (*cela va sans dire*), seized
my hand, and exclaimed, "My darling
KADJ, will you always be mine?" and
I, maiden like, was hanging matrimonial fire, when his hat
was, as ARTHUR at once described it, "bashed" over his brow
by a FEMALE. I was so surprised that I forgot to scream.
The Female exclaimed, "At last I've found you, you villain!"
Lord ARTHUR, as usual cool as the proverbial cucumber, re-
plied, "And where's the catch?" This seemed to anger her,
quite unnecessarily as I thought. She hissed—I should say
"whispered," did that convey the diabolical tones of her utter-
ance—"I am in earnest this time. JONES is round the corner."
At these mysterious words Lord ARTHUR's nonchalance vanished.
"All right," he said, "I'll come with you." And then without
even raising his *chapeau* after his *vieille noblesse* style, he dis-
appeared, and I have not seen him since. Now, who is JONES?
The only explanation which I have received is the following
telegram sent from York:—

"Nobbed by wife. We shall meet again in heaven.—ARTHUR."

This document, as you may suppose, is but small consolation
to me. Again I ask, who is JONES? Is he the FOUCHÉ of
some gross connubial plot, or the No. 1 of a dynamite conspiracy
to ruin my happiness? Papa, always unfeeling, asserts that
Lady ARTHUR and JONES have conspired to enable Lord ARTHUR
to make a hurried flight. Luckily he was not staying at our
hotel, for from several inquiries we gather that he has not
satisfied his landlord, and his grooms are, I know, in *extremis*.
Poor fellow! Had he never been foolish enough to bind the
sacred cord round his neck he and I might now have been one.
I feel the situation, ETHELINDA, perhaps more than you can
imagine, and am reading *East Lynne* for consolation. Mrs.
HENRY WOOD knew where and when the heart grew fondest.
Il faut se distraire. I have just seen a charming yachting
costume for winter wear, the novelty of the suit being that every
button is different, so that the Royal Yacht Squadron, the
London, the Thames, the Corinthian, the Southampton, and even
the merry Mudhook are represented on the discs. I shall order
a jacket, waistcoat and skirt ornamented after this descrip-
tion from *Messrs. ——— directly I return to town. A good
dish for supper at Michaelmas is a Solan-goose, boiled with
grapes and capsicums, and, before serving, "doused" with Par-
mesan cheese and Harvey sauce.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

P.S.—But who is JONES?

P.P.S.—My poor ARTHUR! What is JONES? More next
week if I can discover where is JONES!

* Name blotted out.—Ed.

Modern "Criticism."

George. What a splendid notice that is of yours, ALFRED, on
the new piece at the Gymnasium. It is quite an epilogue!

Alfred. And so I meant it to be, dear old chap; for, don't
you know, I also wrote the prologue for the excellent manager.

LATTERDAY LIONS.

(Notes from a Society Paper of a future date.)

THE present season promises to be an exceptionally brilliant
one, owing, in large measure, to the number of distinguished
visitors from foreign countries who are honouring London by
their presence. It is true that in former years social gaieties
were much enhanced by the appearance of such notabilities as
the SHAHRADA and LI HUNG CHANG, but never until now have so
many illustrious strangers visited us at the same time, to refresh
our jaded spirits by the quaint originality of their habits and
conversation.

DURING the past week Prince Bobo, the famous head of the
West Indian Scalpatzite tribe, has continued his tour of the
provinces, and has displayed a most intelligent interest in the
various manufacturing processes which he has witnessed. A very
humorous incident occurred at Messrs. HARDWARE's factory,
during an exhibition of the work of smelting. The Prince, who
was in the best of spirits, suddenly seized the manager, who was
showing him round the works, and dropped him head foremost
into a huge caldron of molten iron, greatly to the delight of his
dusky suite. At Messrs. CANNON's ordnance factory, one of the
staff ventured to assert to the Prince that a machine-gun was a
more effectual weapon than those in use among the Scalpatzite
tribe, whereupon the Prince smilingly drew out a tomahawk,
and with marvellous dexterity promptly killed two of the factory
hands who happened to be standing near him.

The eccentric manners of Lord PIM-
PAM-POM, that celebrated Oriental states-
man, continue to amuse London Society.
While in conversation with Lady PLANTA-
GENET at the Archbishop's garden-party,
his keen eye discerned that the beauty of
her ladyship's *coiffure* was not due to Na-
ture alone, and, with a most impassive
countenance, he suddenly snatched away
her wig and placed it upon his own head.
At the same entertainment it is said that
he proposed to no less than eleven ladies,
seven of whom were already provided with
husbands. Lady PLANTAGENET he offered
to assign as a bride to his secretary, re-
marking to her "that she was both too old
and too ugly to suit himself."



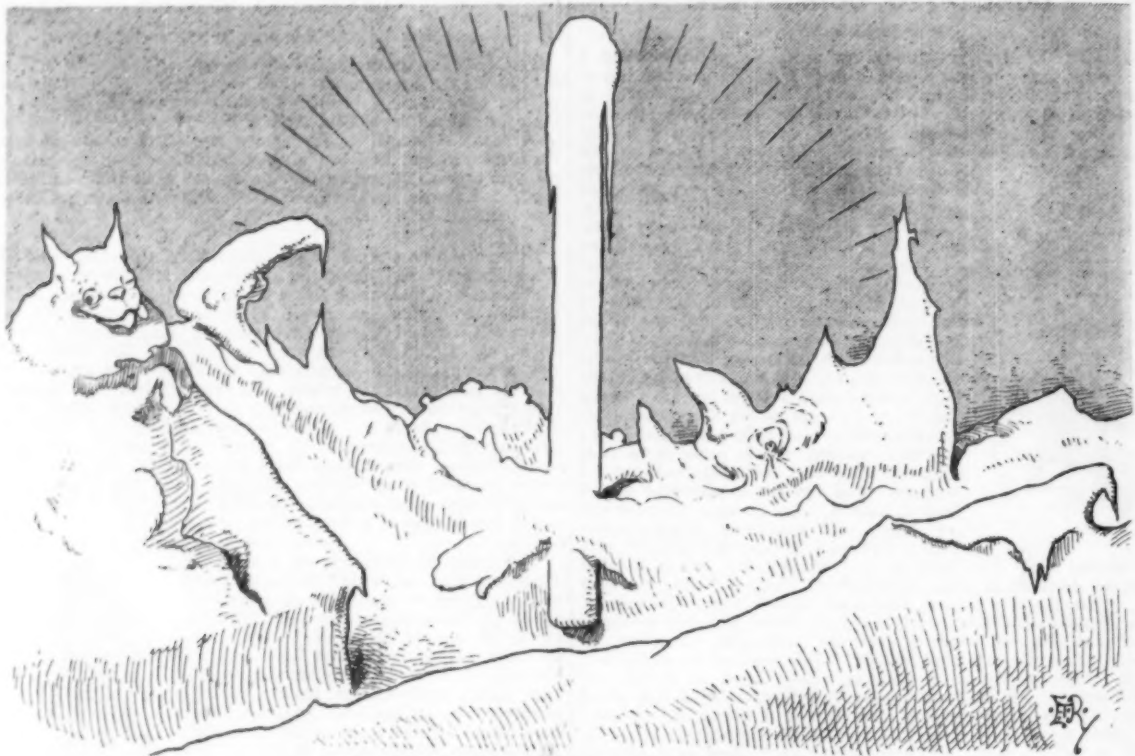
I HEAR that the *chef de cuisine* of PIM-PAM-POM's household is
in despair, owing to the fact that his lordship insists upon dining
upon roast fox daily. Great difficulty is experienced in obtaining
a sufficient supply of these animals, and the unfortunate cook is
not reassured by his master's expressed intention to dine off
him if his favourite dish be not forthcoming.

KING KOTCHAWAYO, with his African attendants, took great
pleasure in the *ballet* which he witnessed on Saturday night at
the Labrador Theatre of Varieties. Indeed, he insisted upon its
being continued for five hours, and shot with his revolver two of
the performers who showed some symptoms of fatigue towards
the end of the third hour. He also took home with him the
big drum and some suits of stage armour, both of which are to be
utilised on his return to his native land.

THE true explanation of the regrettable *fracas* which occurred
in Piccadilly on Saturday night has not yet been given. Put
shortly, it is as follows:—about seven o'clock, a cab-horse,
which had been much overworked, suddenly fell down dead in the
road. The incident was perceived both by the Esquimaux at-
tached to Baron HECLE's suite and by the African retinue of King
KOTCHAWAYO. With a simultaneous yell each party rushed upon
the fallen animal, with the purpose of claiming it as their booty
and conveying it to their kitchen, and the dispute at once became
animated. Fortunately, however, the amount of harm done was
trifling, a detachment of life-guards separated the combatants,
and the total number killed on each side did not much exceed
twenty.

What we are Coming to.

Uncle (to Nephew going back to Eton). Here's a pound's worth
of silver for you, JACK. I'm sorry that I haven't got a sovereign.
Nephew. Oh! don't mention it. I'm a bimetalist, you know.



THE NORTH POLE AS IT REALLY IS.

(For the information of Dr. Nansen and others.)

A WORLD OF WORDS.

[Professor FLINDERS PETRIE, in an Address on "Man before Writing," delivered at the Annual Meeting of the British Association, says that the present generation is "drunken with writing," that "we let it override the growth of our minds and the common use of our senses," and that "the servant, speech, has come to be mistaken for the master, thought."]

DRUNKEN with writing? Aye, Sir, and dyspeptic,
Hysterical, insane, and epileptic
With sheer excess of scribble!
'Tis words, words, words, in plenteous
printer's ink,
Make man a thing that never thinks to
think,
A phrase-devouring fribble.

The Parliament, the Platform, Pulpit,
Press,
Pack us with words, and yet we make a
mess
Of most things that need thinking.
We suck up speech as sands suck water
up,
And yet compare as Hamlet with a
Kruff,
From "name of action" shrinking.
A crowd of geese, we cackle, cackle,
cackle,
But when Fate gives some Gordian knot
to tackle,
Still wordily we wrangle.
A multitude of talkers all unstable,
Confronted with a knot they are unable
To cut or disentangle.

The petty babble or the big bow-wow,
Equally inconclusive, swell the row,
But do not help the issue;
The great god Talkee-talkie is our Dagon.
Tongues, futile as Penelope's shuttle, wag
on,

Spinning talk's gossamer tissue,
Which talk anon unravels. Ins and Outs
Exchange wild eloquence in windy flouts,
And papers print the lot of it;
We word-devourers read and call it
grand,
All unaware we do not understand
The stale sophistic rot of it.

Clichés and cant, and clap-trap, catch-
words, clack,
At the command of every Grub Street
hack,

Sway us in Art and Letters.
Earth's early Titans could not read or
write,
But oh, they could make up their minds,
and fight!

In which they were our betters.
Ah, FLINDERS PETRIE, as you slyly hint,
There are some drawbacks e'en to speech
and print.

Progress we'd not be slighting;
But speech, the master—thought, the ser-
vant? Yes!
There were great wits before the Penny
Press,
And MEN—e'en before Writing!

THE cab strike ought to be settled at
the next cabbin' it council.

À BOULOGNE.

(Verse à propos of the capture of Tynan through
the sharpness of Mr. Riley. With apologies
to Mr. Robert Martin, the composer.)

Tynan sings:

Is that Mr. RILEY
A-looking so smily,
The gendre du brave maître
Of the Folkestone Hôtel.

Mr. Riley sings:

It is Mr. RILEY,
Uncommonly wily;
Ye're TYNAN, I'm RILEY,
I know ye right well.

[Exeunt together.]

LAST week Lord SALISBURY left his
Castle, which is Walmer, for Balmoral,
which is colder. Hope Great Britain
generally will be benefited by his visit.

Song of the Khedive Incognito.

At the battle of the Nile
(Upper Nile, I mean)
I was there all the while
(Or I ought to have been),
With KITCHENER the General
A-serving of his Queen,
While I was in Paris
Enjoying the cuisine.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA has ordered a
new autocar. He says that an autocar
is the only conveyance fit for an auto-
carat.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. III.—OUR GENIUS.

A DUNCE was JIM, a dunce, indeed,
A perfect sample of the breed—
On this were all the world agreed,
Except his doting mother.
"My bairn! my bonny bairn!" quoth she;
"It is his lungs are weak, ye see."
"Alack, it is his head," thought we,
And glanced at one another.

Her fear about his health was great,
And still the more that JIMMY ate,
The more she thought him delicate,
And more and more she gave him.
"He's but a het-hoose flower!" she cried,
"Owre beautiful tae live," she sighed,
"But yet I'll try, whate'er betide,
An' dae my best tae save him."

So tender was her care that lo!
The hot-house flower began to grow,
And soon was six-foot-two or so,
A healthy sixteen-stunner.
"Noo, mark my words," she cried in glee,
"As sure as three times one is three,
My JIM a genius will be,
An' fill the warl' wi' wunner."

"What wad ye wish tae be, my sweet?
I doubt the farmin's gey and weel:
The damp might get intil yer feet,
An' then the cauld wad tak' ye.
The books is fine an' dry, but oo!
They're sair upon a body's broo.
Eh, losh me, JIM, I hae't the noo!—
An airtist we will mak' ye!"

The mother had a mind, the son
To all appearances had none;
Her will was law, and swiftly done;
JIM smilingly acceded.
She bought him brushes by the score,
With chalks and canvases galore,
And paints and palettes—far, far more
Than ever artist needed.

Well, JIM set to and daubed away
Some pictures for the R. S. A.,
And when it came to showing day
His friends were asked to view them.
We came in crowds the gems to see,
But which was cow and which was tree
No two of us could quite agree,
And JIM himself scarce knew them.

"H'm, yes," said we, "a pretty show;
But don't you think that JIM might go
And learn to draw? 'Twould help, you
know,

In painting cows and creatures."
"Na, na," his mother answered then,
"An airtist's no like ither men,
For eh, he's born, no mad', ye ken—
My JIM shall hae nae teachers."

So JIM worked on as best he might
By artless Nature's simple light,
Untrammelled by a point of sight
Or any such vexation.

But, strange to say, none took the whim
Of buying any gems of him:
They stuck like barnacles to JIM
With grim determination.

A year or two went slowly past,
And JIM grew tired of it at last:
His weary brushes down he cast,
And took instead to drinking.
"Eh!" cried his mother, "let him be.
His mind is overstrained, ye see.
He'll jist lie fallow for a wee.
'Tis genius, I'm thinking."



A DRY CALLING.

"TH' OLE SQUIRE STOP AN' SPOKE TO ME THIS MARNIN'; AN' OI ART 'IM 'OW MASTER PHILIP WAS GETTIN' ON IN LUNNON. 'OH,' SAYS 'E, 'E'S BEN CALLED TO THE BAR.' OI DUNNO WOT 'E MEANT, SO OI DIDN' SAY NOTHIN'; BUT OI SAYS TO MESELF, 'AH,' OI SAYS, 'FROM WHAT OI REMEMBER OF 'IM, 'E DIDN' WANT NO CALLIN'!' "

Well, JIM lay fallow, and he found
That when he tried to loaf around
His efforts with success were crowned—
No living man could match him.
It was a calling, it was plain,
That suited to a T his vein.
D'you think he'll ever paint again?
No—JIM knows better—catch him!

TO A CANTERBURY PILGRIM.—Mr. Punch's congratulations to THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., as being hale and hearty on his ninety-third birthday. In animal painting he has made many a first-rate "coo." "Always a goot prishe, ma tear, for a Cooper, and none of his lambs were ever bought sheep." Mr. SIDNEY COOPER lives at Canterbury, within the vicinity of Hales Place, where all the Hales and Hearties are. *Ars, et vita longa* with his veteran Brother Brush.

JEAMES IN EXCELSIS.—The *Daily Chronicle* of Saturday recounts how "ACHILLE VANDERCAMP, one of the royal footmen, for rescuing King LEOPOLD in a recent carriage accident, has received the decoration of the First Order of the Croix Civique." Bravo, ACHILLE! "*Bouillant ACHILLE!*" This footman has now in waiting on him a page in history.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—The Imperial Institute has lost "her VINE, the merry cheerer," as WILLIAM the Di-vine hath it. Who is to take the cheer of the merry cheerer now?

MRS. PHOSBYL wishes to know whether the capture of Dongola will interfere with the winter season at Venice.

CYCLE SHAME MARKET.—Cycles been moving irregularly. Dunlops fell. All coming round again.



"MAMMA!" "YES, DEAR."
"WHERE'S THE WIND WHEN IT DOESN'T BLOW?"

LES CHERS AMIS.

Pensées d'un Président.

Ah, ces préparatifs! Je suis anéanti. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Qui donc? Ah, la leçon de russe! Mon professeur. Je n'ai rien appris, pas un seul verbe irrégulier. Je n'ai pas le temps. Dites-lui de revenir ce soir à minuit, ou plutôt à deux heures du matin. Dormir? Impossible. Voyons donc! Ce programme. Oh, le sacré programme! Toujours le programme. On a enlevé l'échafaudage de l'Arc de Triomphe? Bon. On va couvrir les ruines de la Cour des Comptes de haut en bas? De quoi? De bouquets d'orchidées. Bon. Et les arbres des Champs Elysées absolument sans feuilles? Oh, quelle horreur! Qu'est-ce qu'on va y mettre? Des feuilles en papier, ou de papier. Ah, la bonne idée! Et le train impérial? Mais il y en a deux; le train impérial de l'Empereur, et le train impérial de la République. Quelle drôle d'idée, un train impérial républicain! Comment? Les voies ne peuvent supporter le poids du train? Alors nos chers amis seront obligés de descendre? Où ça? A vingt-deux kilomètres de Cherbourg. Et puis? Il faut continuer le voyage en voitures de troisième, qui ne sont pas si lourdes? Mais il faut absolument reconstruire tout le chemin de fer. Impossible? Oh, mon Dieu! Mais la Seine? Si nos chers amis pouvaient venir de Cherbourg à Paris en bateau-mouche impérial républicain? Mais non! Il faudrait tous les cinq jours de leur séjour en France pour ça. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Un projet de fête? Le cent trente-huitième que j'ai reçu aujourd'hui. Et encore? Des représentants d'une ville de province. La soixante-troisième délégation! Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent? Un projet de cadeau pour nos chers amis? Oh, mon Dieu! Encore un cadeau! Le deux cent quatre-vingt quinzième depuis cinq heures du matin. Mais voyons donc! Nous n'avons pas un instant à perdre. Le programme. Encore quelqu'un? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Un cheval est mort? Un cheval impérial républicain, que nous avons acheté si cher? Quel malheur! Mais nous en avons encore dix-neuf. A propos des voitures impériales républicaines, où faut-il m'asseoir? Nous serons trois. Et il n'y a que deux places en face. Est-ce qu'on peut construire une voiture avec trois places en face? Impossible? Eh bien, que faire? Si je montais à cheval, ou à bicyclette, ou à côté du cocher? Mais non, mais non! Oh, mon Dieu!

Si je pouvais me retirer au Havre! Ah, le cher petit nid-labas, si tranquille, si charmant! Mais il faut nous dépêcher. Ce programme—Quoi donc? Encore quelqu'un qui me demande? Un rédacteur? Encore un projet! Toujours des projets! Et mon habit? Comment arranger ça? Un habit noir, comme un simple Président des Etats Unis? Tiens, j'ai mon ruban rouge! Ou quelque chose de fantaisie, un habit de fête, en velours jaune, en satin blanc, brodé, galonné? Ah, ça m'est égal! Faites-le comme vous voulez. Je n'ai pas le temps. Voyons! Ce sacré programme! Dépêchons-nous. Ah, les chers amis! Quel plaisir de les recevoir convenablement! Mais c'est éreintant tout de même.

TO THE ENRAGED POET.

DEAR SIR EDWIN.—Eau, in consequence of JACOB's oily artfulness, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and if a great poet chooses to part with a sample of his genius in consideration of receiving a pot of blacking, who shall blame the bard for doing just exactly what he likes with his own?

Nay, Sir EDWIN, you take this too much to heart.

I confess, that when I opened my *Times* on Wednesday morning, and perceived your stirring verses lying in small type surrounded by various advertisements of a distinctly unpoetic character, I at once turned to the central page to see if you had been "crowded out" by the publication of the Austinian Laureate's *ad cap-in-handum* verses. But the muse of ALFRED the Less had not been inspired (I wonder if he got a wiggling for his negligence from Her Most Gracious Majesty, forwarded per Lord SALISBURY?) to write, and consequently there would have been space for one poet inside the great daily journal.

That it should be in small type! in that, to my mind, lay the indignity. O the pity of it! O the printing of it!

If Sir JOHN MILLAIS's "Bubbles" had been indifferently reproduced or belittled (as has your poem by its type) on our walls, might not that great artist have had a word to say on the subject to Messrs. PEARCE & Co., who purchased the above-mentioned charming picture for one thousand guineas? Did not Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has not Professor HERKOMER, R.A., done work for hoardings, and do not "hoardings" mean "savings"? I devoutly hope so. If I am wrong in quoting the above, have not several notable artists contributed, by pictorial advertisements, to the mural decoration of our dull city? Then why not verses as advertisement by one of our leading poets?

When some thrice-happy publisher is fortunate enough to obtain the right of printing and publishing your poems, my dear Sir EDWIN, will he publish them without advertisements, literary perhaps, but that's as it may be, within the two covers? Does this derogate from the poet's dignity? Not one whit. Are not the gems of wit and humour contained in *Mr. Punch's* weekly pages invariably framed, as it were, by an outer sheet of worthy and most useful advertisements?

Then, poet, please to moderate the rancour of your pen, and if you can strike the lyre, at three times as much, per chord, with advertisements, as you can obtain for the same without advertisements, why, pocket the coin, and sing us the song which all the world (consider the circulation of these journals) will be delighted to hear! Who can sing without notes? Let the purchasers supply the notes. For yourself, insist only on two things,—big type, and a central position!

Yours sincerely, A LOVER OF POETRY AND PICKLES.

The Moral of Balmoral.

Her Gracious Majesty to the Czar:—

To Deeside you have come.

Wise counsels be your guide.

Here, in our Highland home,

For lasting Peace decide.

Strange Tale from the Sea.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Times* of Wednesday last week told us how a shark had been caught, and in its inside was found by the sailors "a complete copy of the *Times*" newspaper. Perhaps the shark "took in the *Times* regularly," but, being in a hurry that particular morning, only read but did not thoroughly digest the contents. The shark's circulation was soon stopped, but the *Times* goes on as before.

THE ARMENIOUS BLACKSMITH.—MR. GLADSTONE.

Martell's
"Three Star"
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